

ARTISTIC

\$1
A REAL
COLLECTOR'S
ITEM!

64
PAGES



COMICS

A
MEMBER OF
THE UNITED CARTOON
WORKERS OF
AMERICA



R. CRUMB
THE SENSITIVE ARTIST
(LOVE AND KISSES)



CRUMB '73

A SPECIAL ISSUE MADE UP ENTIRELY OF EXERPTS
FROM THE SECRET SKETCHBOOKS OF R. CRUMB!

ABOUT THE ARTIST

R. CRUMB, the man, is an enigma wrapped in a mystery, packaged in a puzzle, and all of it enveloped in contradictions.

R. Crumb, the intellect, is a rare specimen of Neo-American thinking. In him, the metaphysical flowering of a renaissance scholastic has been grafted on the rough branch of midwestern plainsmanship.

R. Crumb, the artist, is important.

More than any other ranking artist now alive, this slim and deceptively pliant young man is a cultural bridge. With not the slightest intention of propounding a theory or founding a school, he has become the link between so-called "representational" art and the outer rangings of creative cerebration.

The growth of his genius, the varied approaches he has essayed toward the ultimate truth, are to be found in this volume—what we have here is a young man, most certainly still to reach peak creative performance, whose focus is perceptible both to traditionalists and the seekers. His drawings possess a unique mystic quality, a sensitive feeling of youthful exuberance and wonderment.

Some of his major works have drawn (and earned) comparisons with Thomas Eakins, Grant Wood, both Wyeths, and others with solid, and may we add solidified, American tradition behind them, but also with Brueghel, Bosch, Daumier, Goya, Da Vinci, Dali, even the Elgin Marbles. I think his streams of inspiration well in part from the intense, passionate lines of George Grosz, and Toulouse Lautrec, and reaching further back, to Byzantine Mosaics and Egyptian Bas reliefs.

No other artist worked in such a range. This startling splurge of evocations goes beyond just hinting at his universality. Each of these other artists, or objects, was, in its way, a trail blazer. What R. Crumb's lonely pathway aspires to reach is no simple thing for him or anyone else to explain.

In the barest possible terms, he has awareness of a meshing of unseen cogs, and the pulsing of unimaginable forces. These, he is convinced, are manifestations of a grand design for the Universe. He does not think that mankind is a helpless dust mote in this orderly chaos, unable to alter itself and doomed to be swept out some day. R. Crumb cleaves to the conviction that man has (or has been given) the power to steer his course. And Art is a sweep oar, for bad or good. To put it another way, he thinks that Art is a clue to the solution, and can lead man to the kind of world that lives now only in dreams—and in that selfsame Art. So in a way, R. Crumb thinks of himself as drawing roadsigns.

All of this would be pretty heady stuff for the cocky kid from Philly whose first professional achievement was visual aids for the Latex Corporation. But not for the dedicated anti-sophisticate who ponders Tolstoy and Teilhard de Chardin between concentrated drawing sessions (but avoids continental philosophers at his European showings), argues persuasively over a checkered tablecloth in San Francisco's North Beach (but disintegrates at thought of making a public speech), draws like a wizard (but can't drive a car).

A key to one of the locked doors between us and R. Crumb (a good cryptographer would come in handy here) is his insistence upon universality in Art. When he says Art is a route to everybody's bliss, he means all kinds of Art. Intensely personal, completely introverted, in fact, these drawings are nevertheless representational of Art as a whole. Nobody has yet decided to compose a novel, or libretto or opera that is themed by one of R. Crumb's sketches, but I have no doubt that they will come. La Gioconda waited quite awhile for her apotheosis. Quo Vadis?

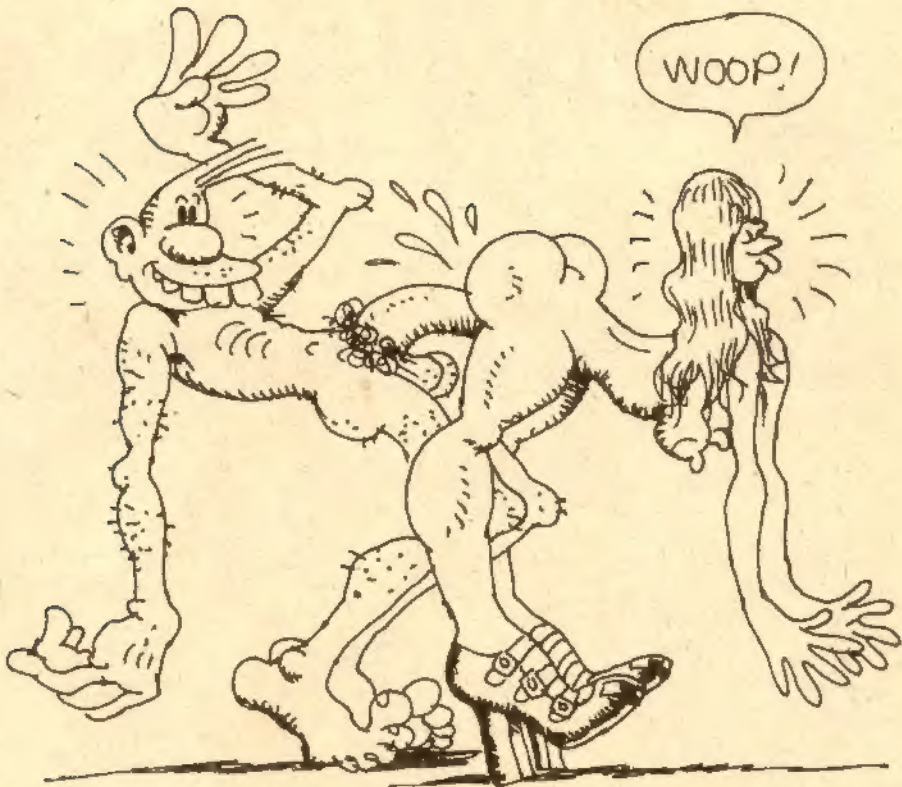
—Elton Fiscus-Powell

"YOU READ IT-I CANT" COMIX
presents

SGT MARK E. RAINEY
H&S CO., H&S BN, 1ST FSS
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 920

The DISMAL WORLD of R. CRUMB

"IT'S DEPRESSING!" — HERB CAEN
"HORRIBLE!" — RALPH GLEASON
"DREARY AND TEDIOUS" — ROLLING STONE



Once you go
Black
You never come
Back.

WHY DONT
YOU LIKE
ME?

NUH? WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?



Willie the
Wop

WOD
TH'
FUCK!!

Hank E. Panky



Chuck
the
Duck
sez:

"Life is
mostly
hard
work!"

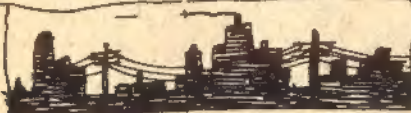


HEY, YOU GUYS
GOT WHITEY
NATURALS?

FUCK YOU
COMICS



MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK



MEANWHILE, BACK IN CHICAGO



MEANWHILE, BACK IN DENVER



AND IN CLEVELAND...

MILES AWAY IN DETROIT...



AND IN L.A., AT THE SAME MOMENT

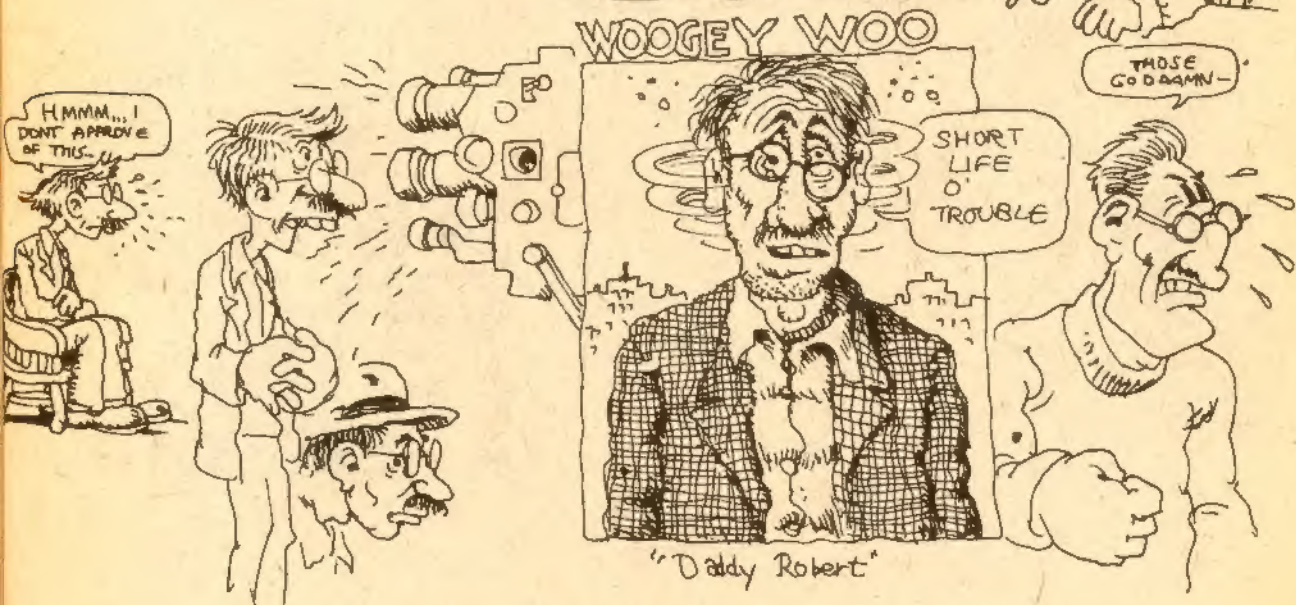


BELCH



PLUNK!





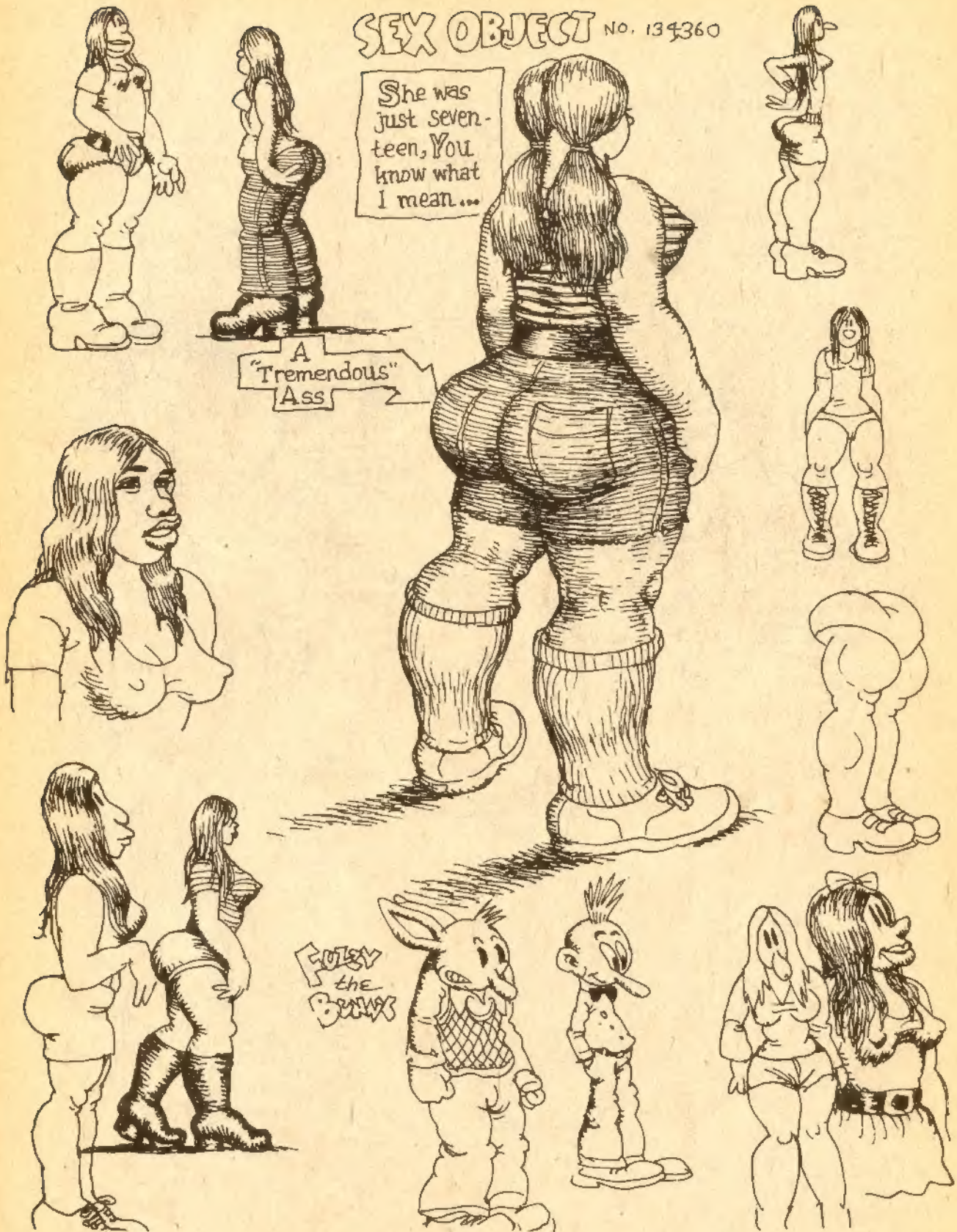


SEX OBJECT NO. 139360

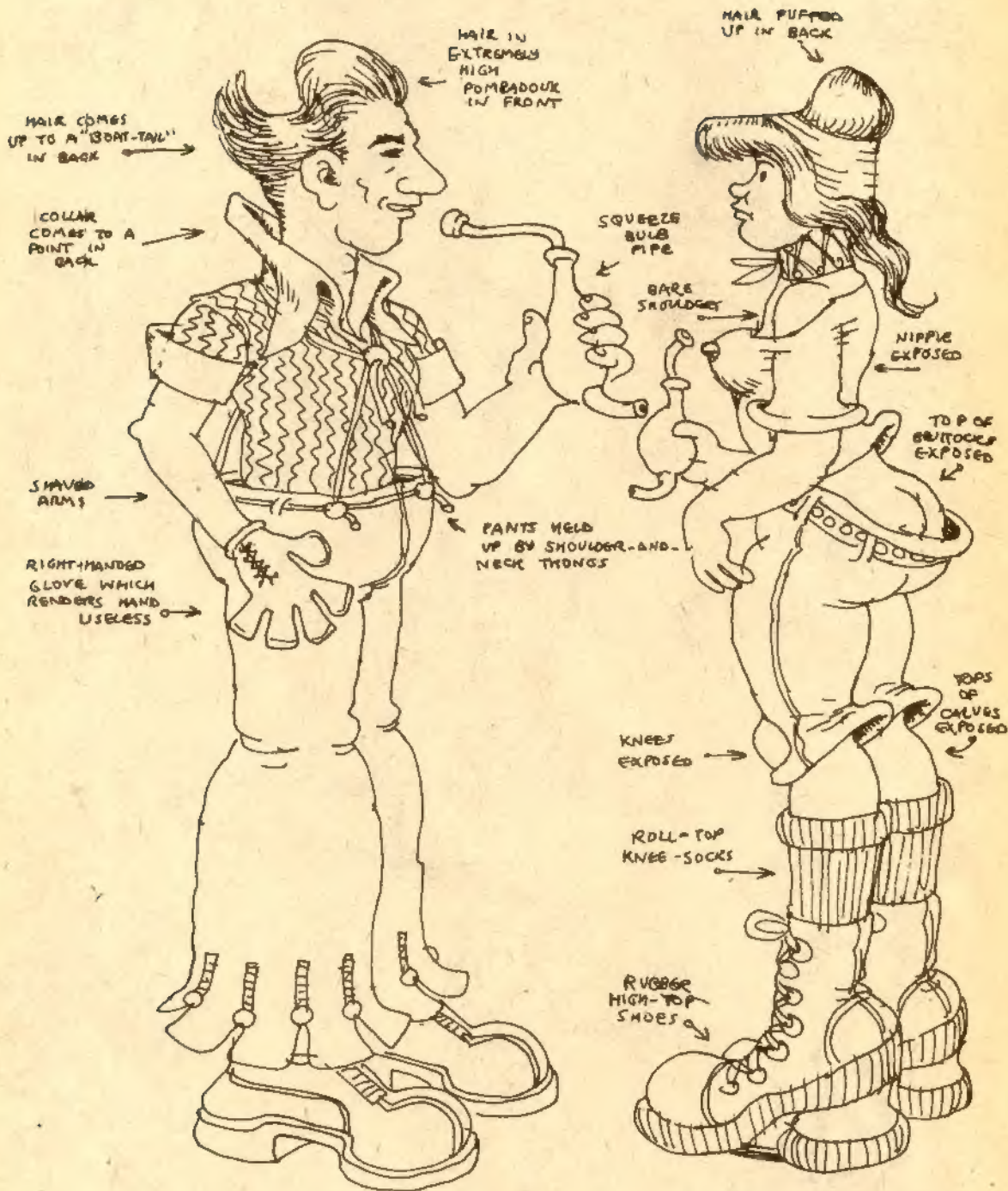
She was
just seven-
teen, You
know what
I mean...

A
"Tremendous"
Ass

FUZZY
the
BUNNY



CASUAL FASHIONS OF 1990





Head!



ROMEO





GODDAMN LOUSY SOME A BITCHIN' SHIT-ASSED FVCKING STINKIN'—

YOU'VE GOT ME CRYING AGAIN

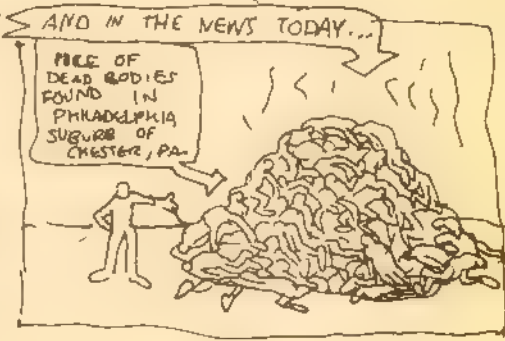


THE TUMBLING BOXES THEORY



WHAT IT DID FOR OTHERS IT CAN DO FOR YOU!

Learn the Secret of THIS INCREDIBLE NEW THEORY OF THE WORLD IN MOTION!!!



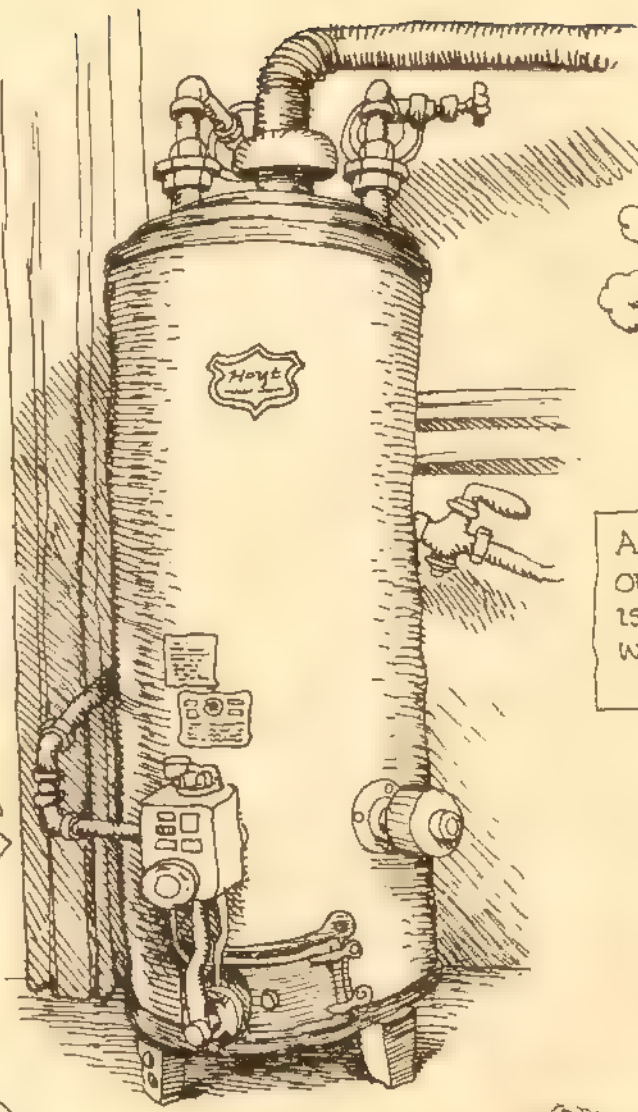
Art







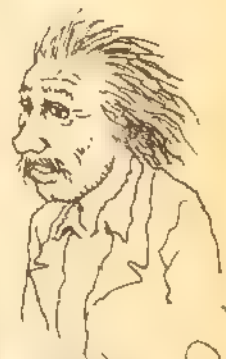
HOT
WATER
HEATER



As my father
once said, 'Life
is mostly hard
work.'

~ R. CRUMB
1970

Okah
Okah
ELECTRIC





"DEEKS"
DOG

WHAT'S
SHAKIN'
PARD.

and his pal
'PASTY the
PUP "

"DEEKS"
YER A
CARD,
OL
BUDDY!

Moran & Mack Two Black Crows

US CROWS
GOTS 7 PEECEK
OURSEVUS FUM
EXTERMINASHIN
BRUTHA!

WELL AN'M ALL
SET F'DEM MUUVAS,
BRUH..



Artistic Lady





HOW'S IT GOING?

OH, CAN'T COMPLAIN...

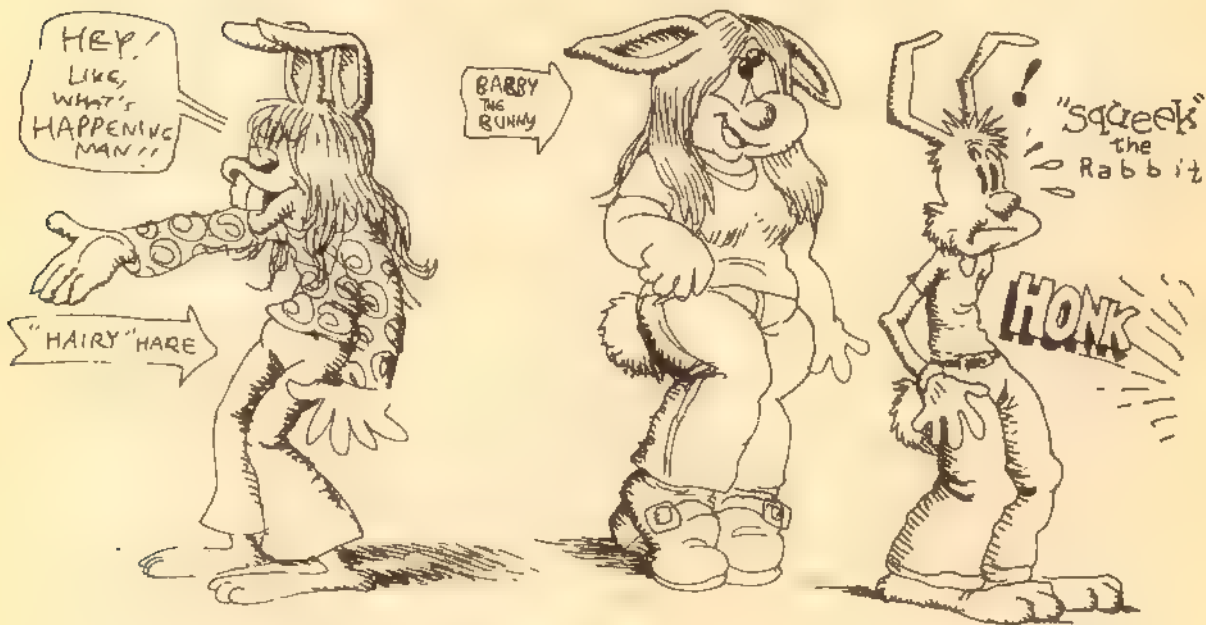
OM

"SHAG" SHAEFFER & HEAVY HARRY

HEY HOW'S IT GOIN', CRUM!!

OH, CAN'T COMPLAIN...
HEH HEH...

HI, I'M
"COSMOS"





Mary had
a little lamb...



Mr. Snow (in)

ON TOP

O-HO
GO-HOD!

NP YIP
NP



HIS FLEECE WAS
WHITE AS SNOW...

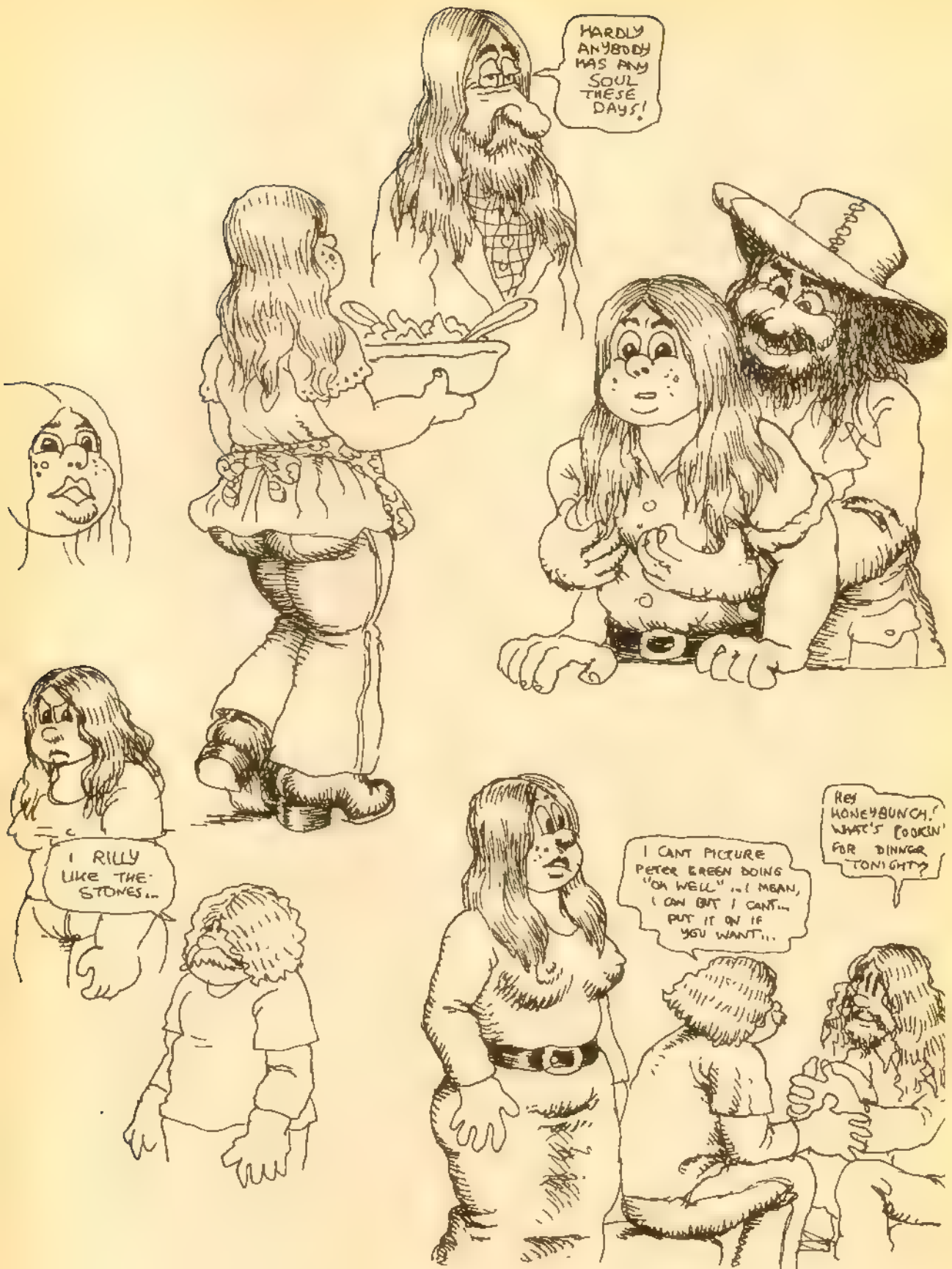


'EY MAN
BE COOL."



DONT
EMBARRASS
ME.."



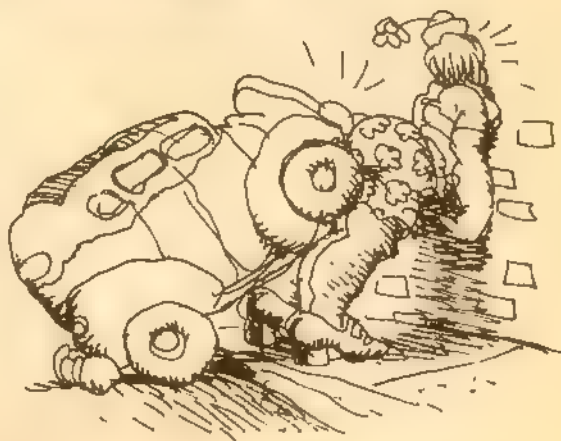
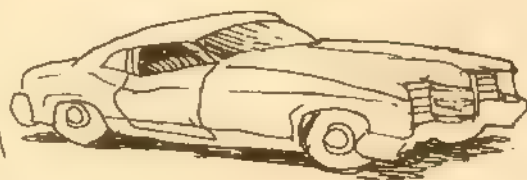


HARDLY
ANYBODY
HAS ANY
SOUL
THESE
DAYS!

HEY
HONEYBUNCH,
WHAT'S COOKIN'
FOR DINNER
TONIGHT?

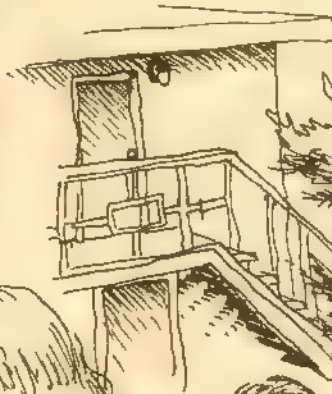
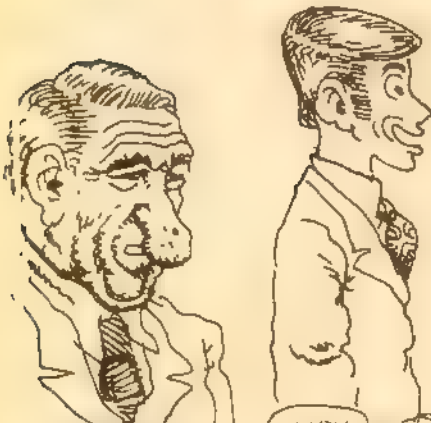
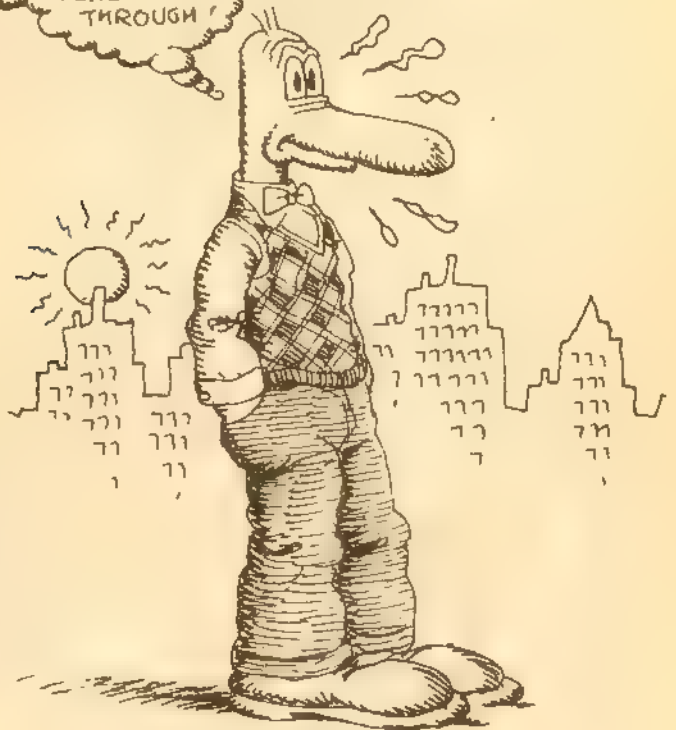
I CANT PICTURE
PETER GREEN DOING
'OH WELL'... I MEAN,
I CAN BUT I CANT...
PUT IT ON IF
YOU WANT...

I RILLY
LIKE THE
STONES...



GEE

I HOPE THIS
DEAL COMES
THROUGH



SPARE
CHANGE?



OH NOW
I CAN
DO IT



YOUR TYPICAL
EFFETE HIPPIES



PEOPLE REALLY
GET TOUCHY WHEN
Y' GIVE 'EM

THE FINGER!!



"IT'S A SHAME
TO WHIP YOUR
WIFE ON
SUNDAY!"

WAP WAP WAP WAP

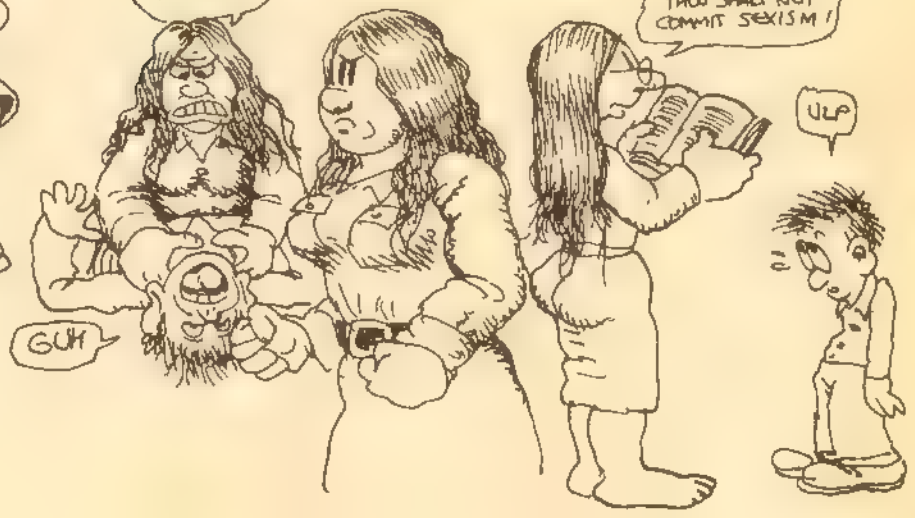


YETI DOES A
FROGSTAND
ON THE JOHNNY
CARSON SHOW.

OOK



PIG!

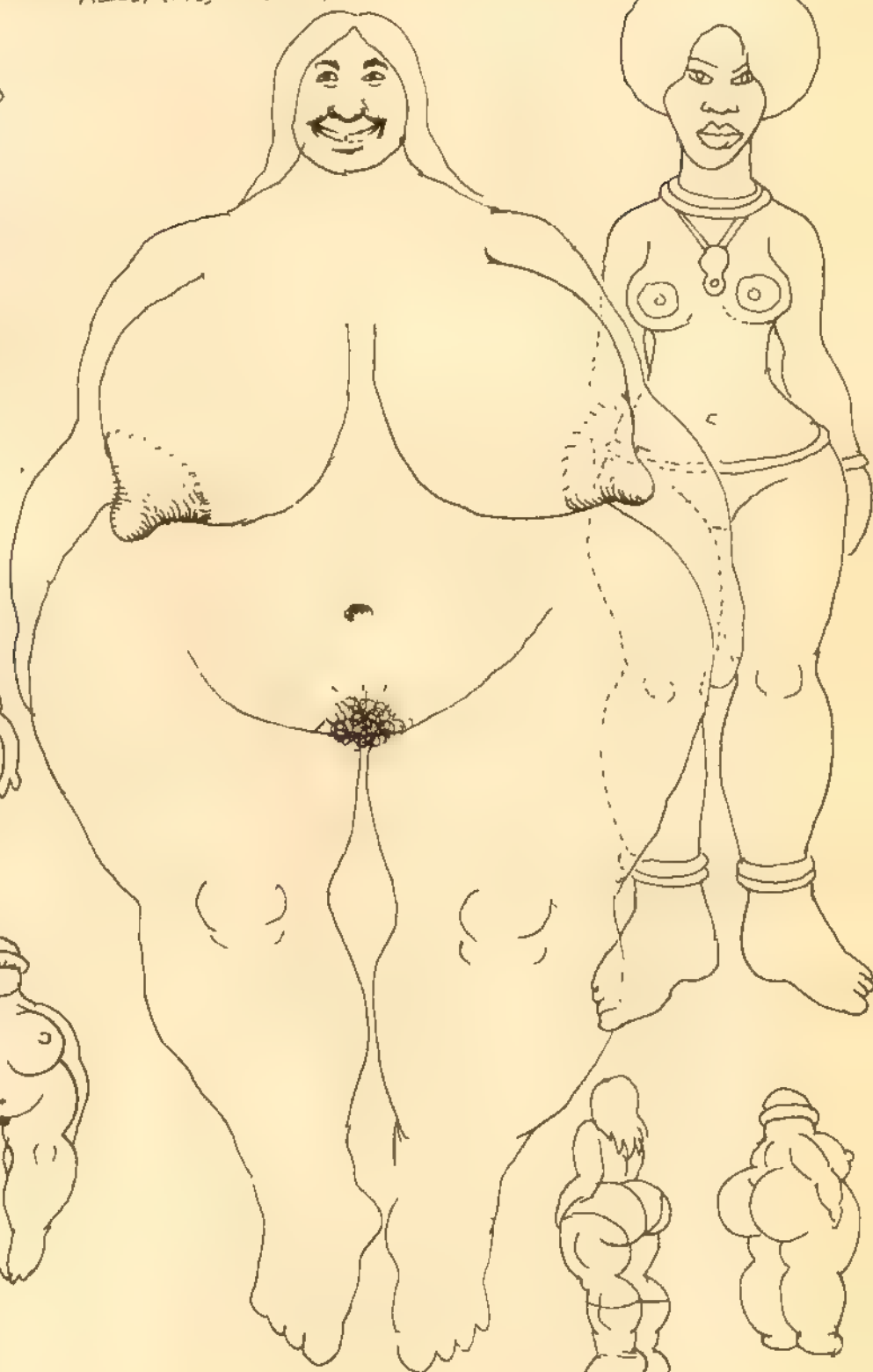


THOU SHALT NOT
COMMIT SEXISM!

ULP

GUH

SEX GODDESSES &
FERTILITY SYMBALS...
ASSES, TITS, LEGS, HIPS, ETC...





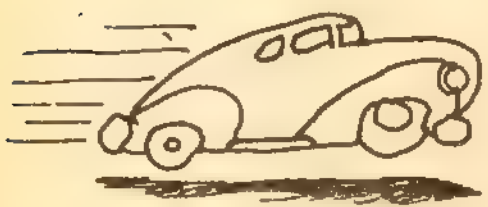


GIT IT
ON
BROTHER!



HM! A
SPECK OF
DUST!

OW!!#!



THERE ISN'T A
DAY GOES
BY THAT
SOME MAN
DOESNT
TRY
SOME-
THIN'
ON ME!

YEAH, AN'
HE WALKIN'
AROUND WITH
CARDBOARD
IN MY SHOES
JIS' TRING TO
MAKE ENDS
MEET!

WHY
DOESNT
SHE
DROP OUT?
BECAUSE HER
BOY IS IN
VEET NAM!



YOU GOT
T'LEARN T'
READ BETWEEN
TH' LAMNS,
JAKE!



T.Z. sez: Gimme a Break!



W. S.
W. S.
W. S.

WHAT
NEXT? /

SOMETIMES I AM
OVERCOME BY A
STRANGE, UNEXPLAINABLE
INEXPLICABLE
FEELING OF
DISGUST.



The Divided Self

Love and Kisses, R. Crumb

Asshole!

Schmuck!

JERK

MORON

FAGGOT

IDIOT

SICKIE

STUPID
FOOL

LOTSA
LUCK!

YER EGO'S
TOO BIG!!

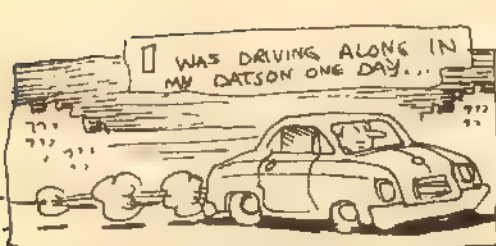
TUT
TUT!!

OH
GOD!





Desert Island Blues



I WAS DRIVING ALONG IN MY DATSON ONE DAY...

WHEN SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF STANDING BEFORE GROUCHO MARX !!

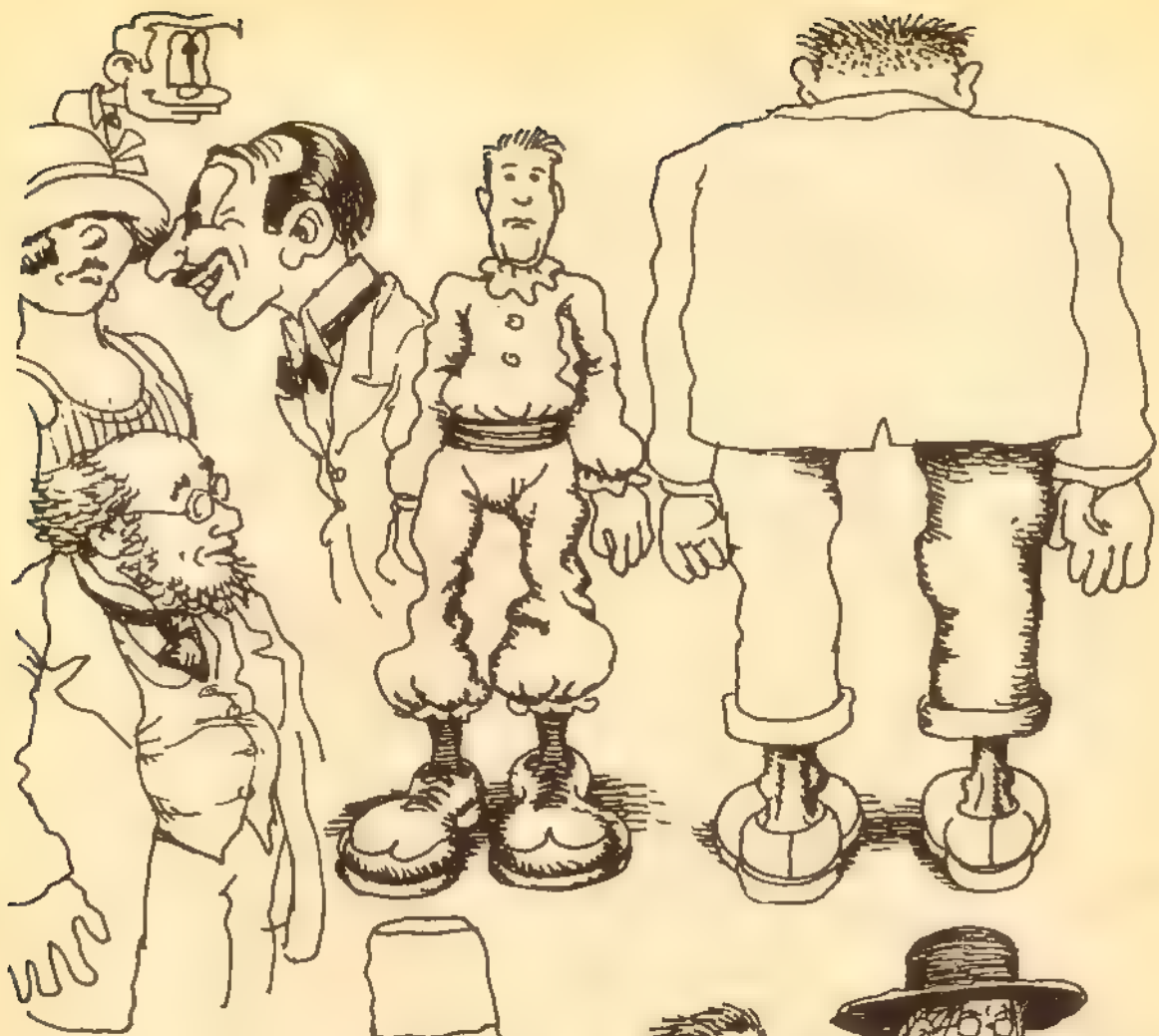
SAY THE SECRET WORD AND WIN A HUNDRED DOLLARS...

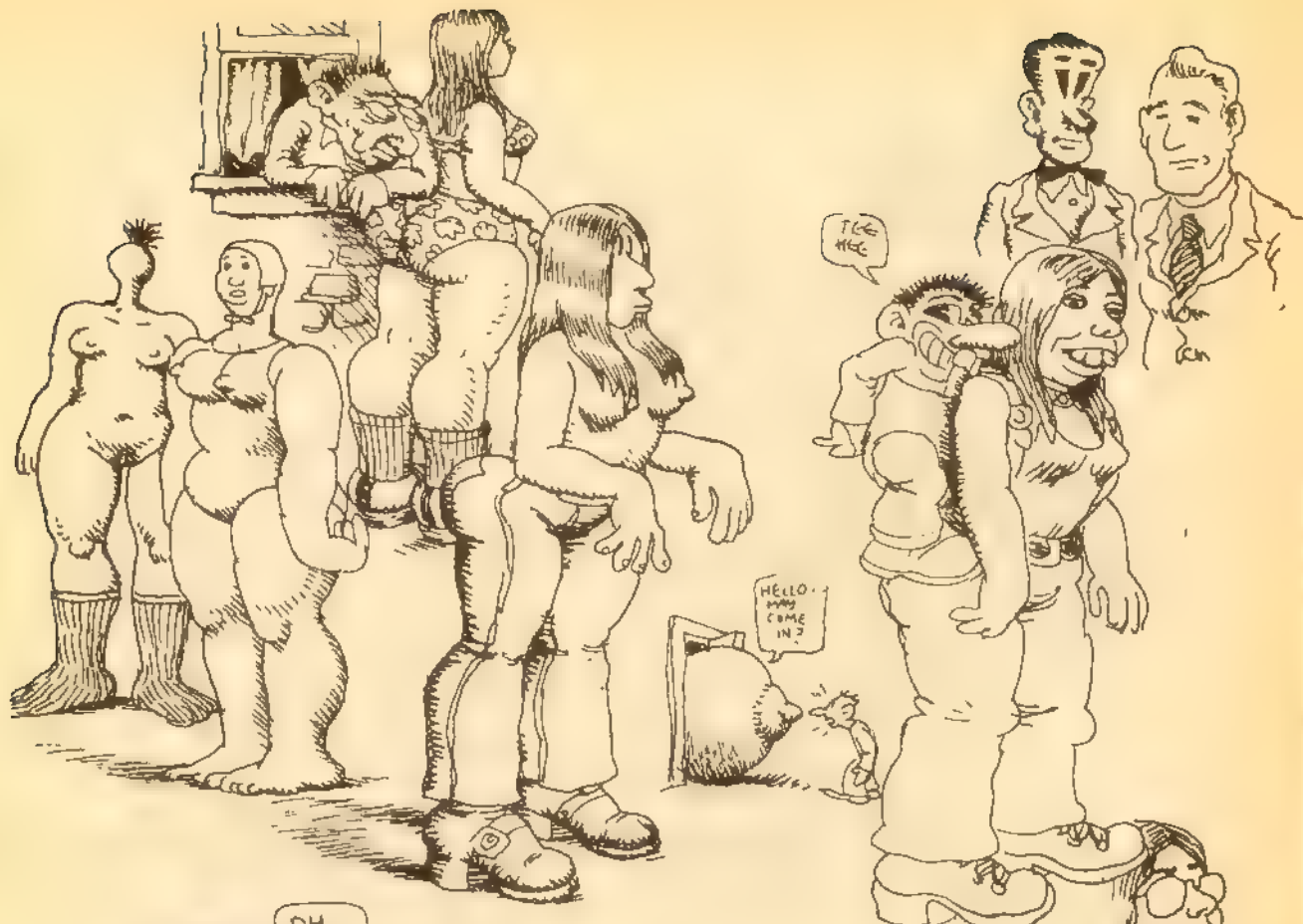
NOW IT'S TIME TO PLAY YOUR LIFE!

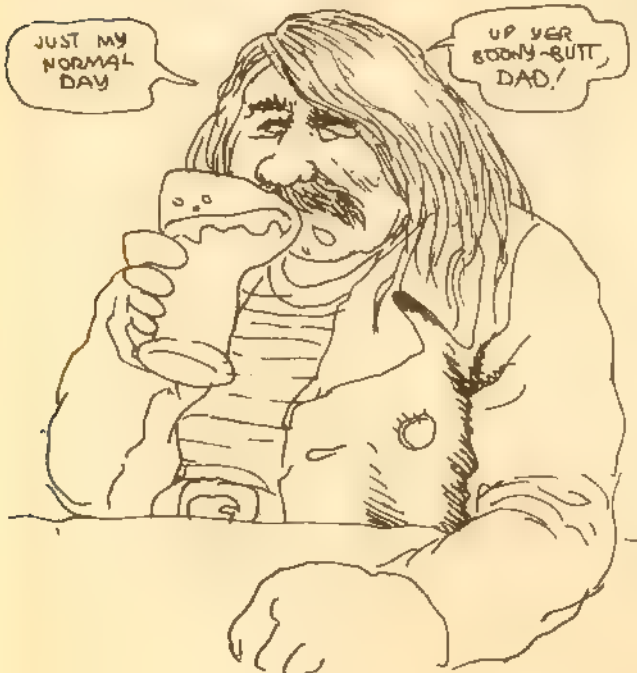


THE SITUATION WAS GETTING DESPERATE WHEN...









UP YER
BOONY-BUTT,
DAD!







URBAN MAN



GAG CARTOON

NUETER CHARACTER





AND THEN THERE ARE TIMES WHEN...

SOMETIMES I GET THE
UNSETTLING FEELING THAT
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE
LINE..

ARE YOU FROM
FUNCTION
FROM FUNCTION
JUNCTION

BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO
FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!!

WHERE THE
FUNCTION JUNCTION
SECTION CUPS ARE
MADE
ARE YOU FROM
FUNCTION
FROM FUNCTION
JUNCTION
WELL I'M
FROM FUNCTION
TOOOO..

MAYBE IT'S THE WORLD
SITUATION .. EVERYTHING IS
SO FUCKED UP... TOO MANY
PEOPLE, TOO MANY SYSTEM,
TOO MUCH CRAP..
THAT'S PROBABLY
IT!

THEN AGAIN,
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING
IN MY BRAIN!
MY MIND IS
MALFUNCTIONING!!

THEN AGAIN, IT COULD
BE A PERSONALITY
PROBLEM... MY PSYCHO-
SEXUAL WANG-UPS...
NOW THERE, AT LEAST,
I HAVE A CERTAIN
AMOUNT OF CONTROL,
SMALL THOUGH IT
BE!

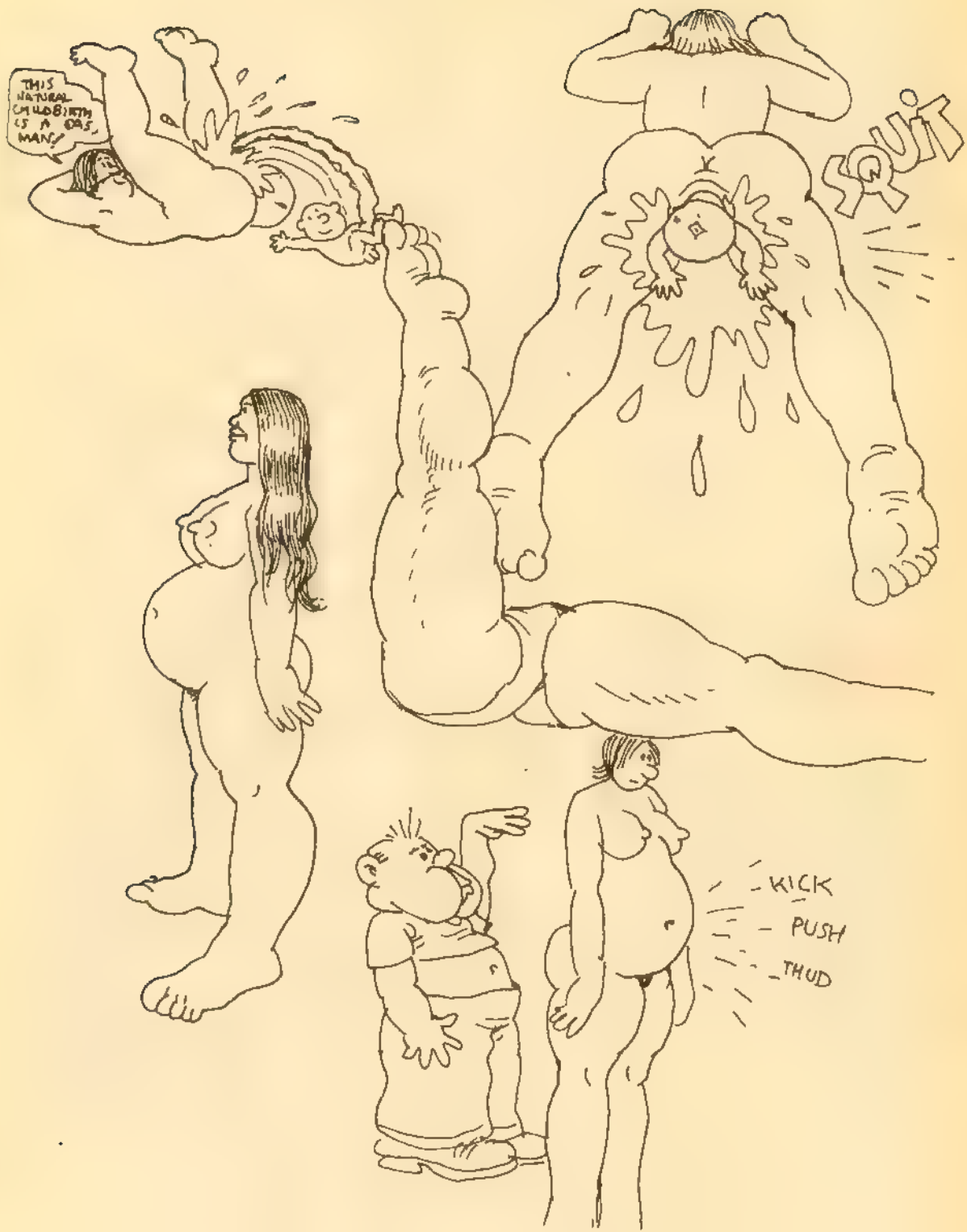
NUTS... I'M
GOING HOME!

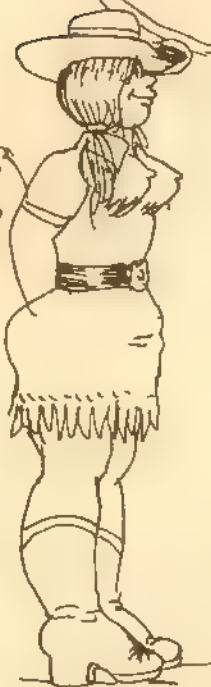
ME
TOO

HOLY GOD WE
PRAISE THY NAME

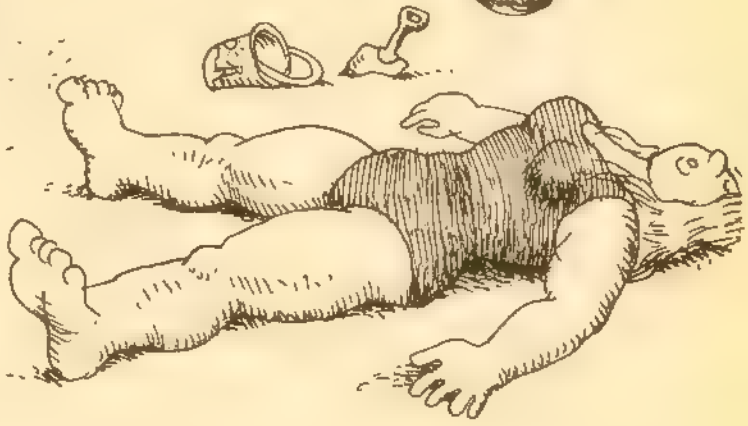
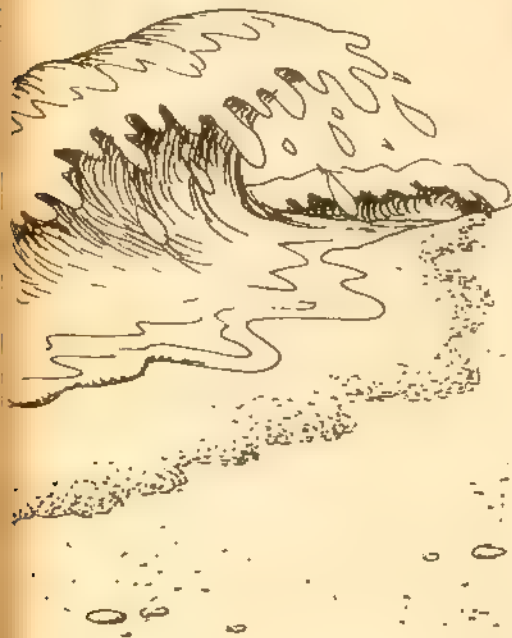
LORD
ABOVE
WE BOW
BEFORE
THEE







THERE ARE MORE
STRONG WOMEN THAN MEN

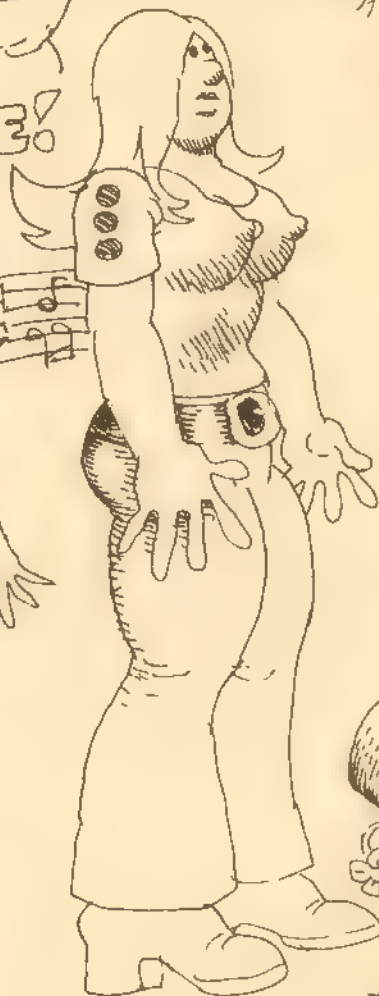




ZOCH A
SEXY
BAYBEE!



GREEN
LIPSTICK



ZOCH A
SEXY
BAYBEE!!

SHIT...

Angel
McNegro



TREE NO. 1



TREE NO. 2



I RILLY LIKE
THE FIRST
JEFFERSON
AIR PLANE
ALBUM!

I USTA
PLAY THAT
ALBUM
ALOT

I GET
'RILLY
'GIGGLY..

Y'DON'
WANNA
BAD
VIBE
ME !!



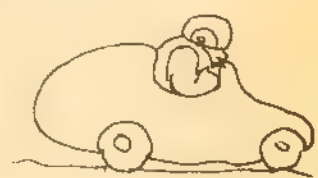
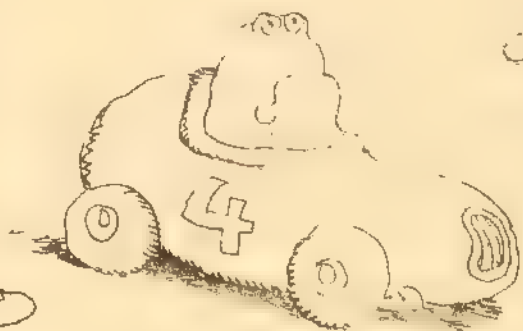


I USED TO
LIVE IN THE
MOMENT.

SURREAL
IS TRANSFERRED
DENIAL



GET YER
SHIT TOGETHER
BUB!!





R. CRUMB
BOY
GENIUS

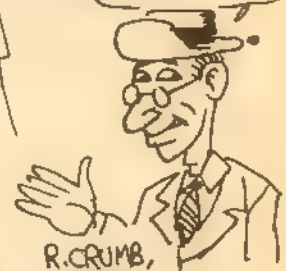


R. KRUMB,
KID KARTOONIST

R. CRUMB
ANGRY
YOUNG
MAN



WORK IS TH'
CURSE OF TH'
DRINKING
CLASS YUK YUK



R. CRUMB,
BITTER
OLD
FOGEY



R. CRUMB
URBAN
SOPHISTICATE







EVA
BOMGARDNER

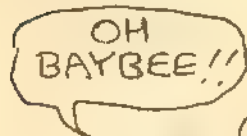
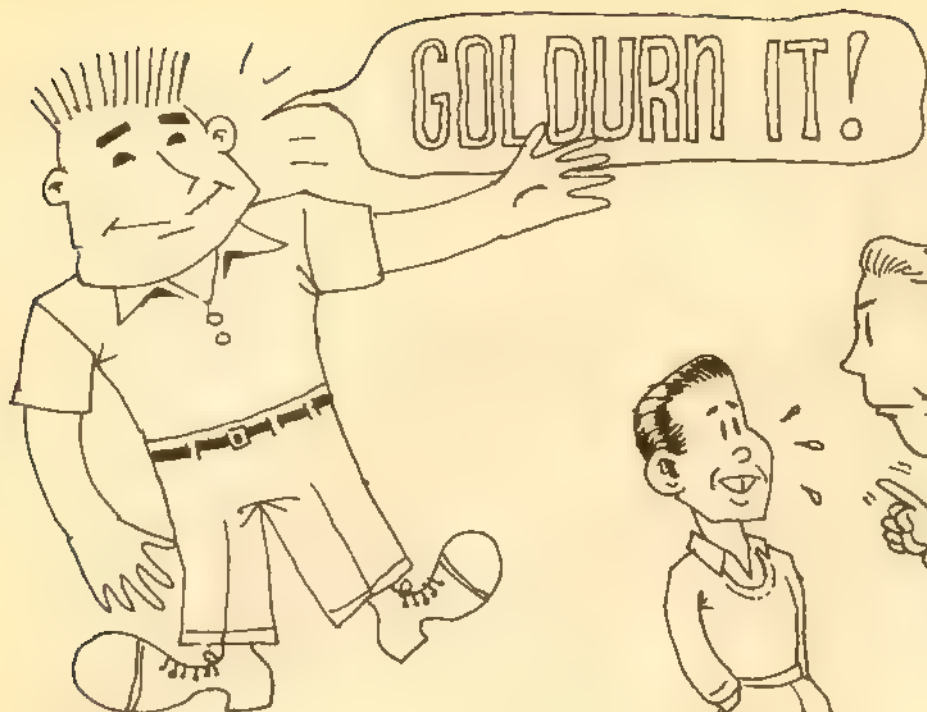
GIMME A
DOUBLE BURGER,
A LARGE COKE
AN' A ORDER O'
FRIES...

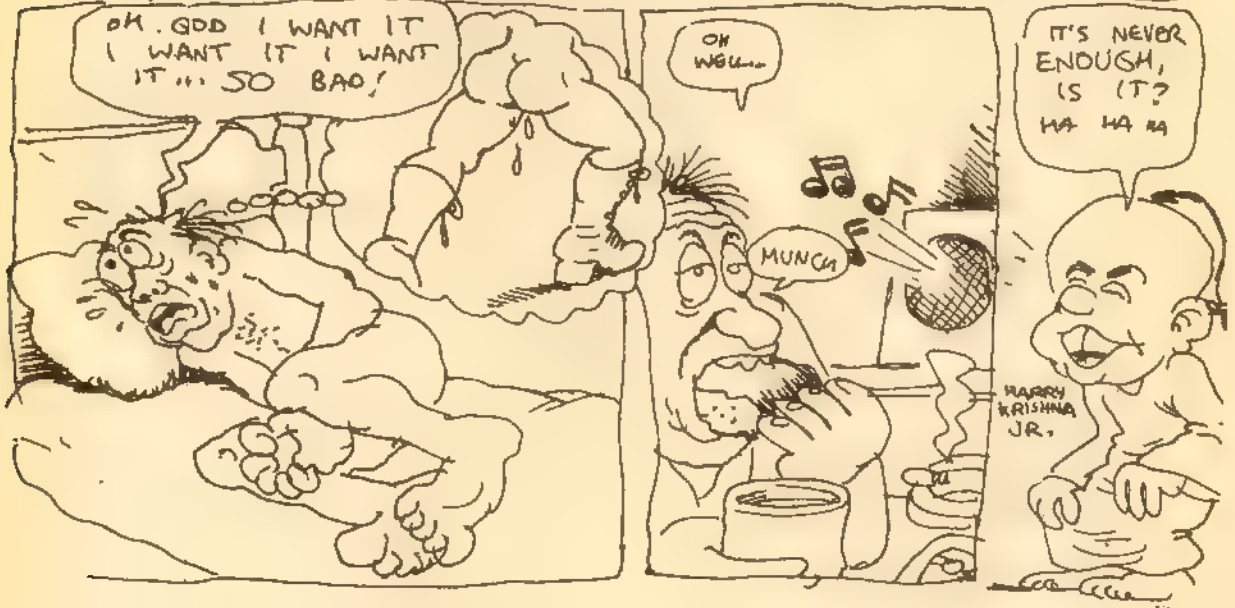
GUESS
WHO??

**X-ACTO
BLADE**
& his pal



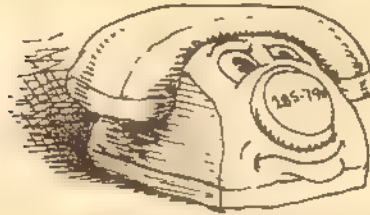






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National
Business
Factors

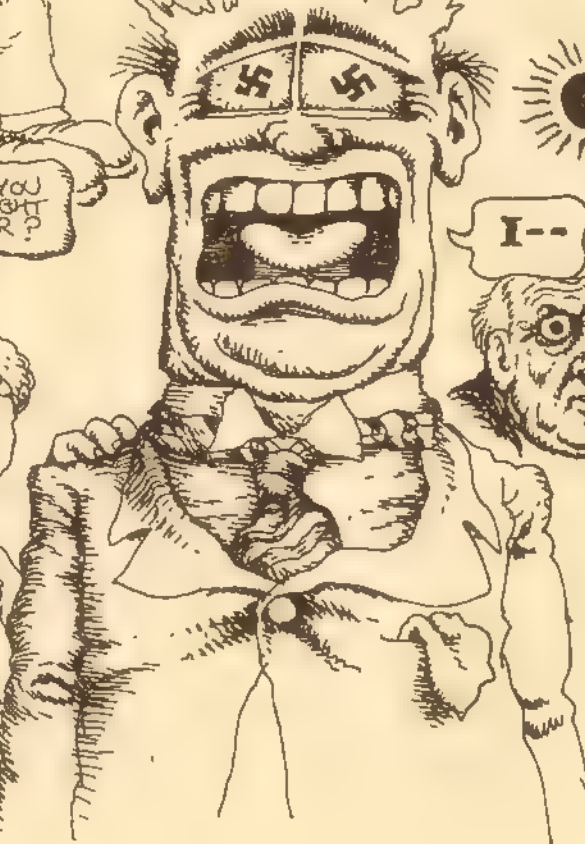


BELL SYSTEM

I GOTTA GET
HOME AN WATCH
THE UNTOUCHABLES!

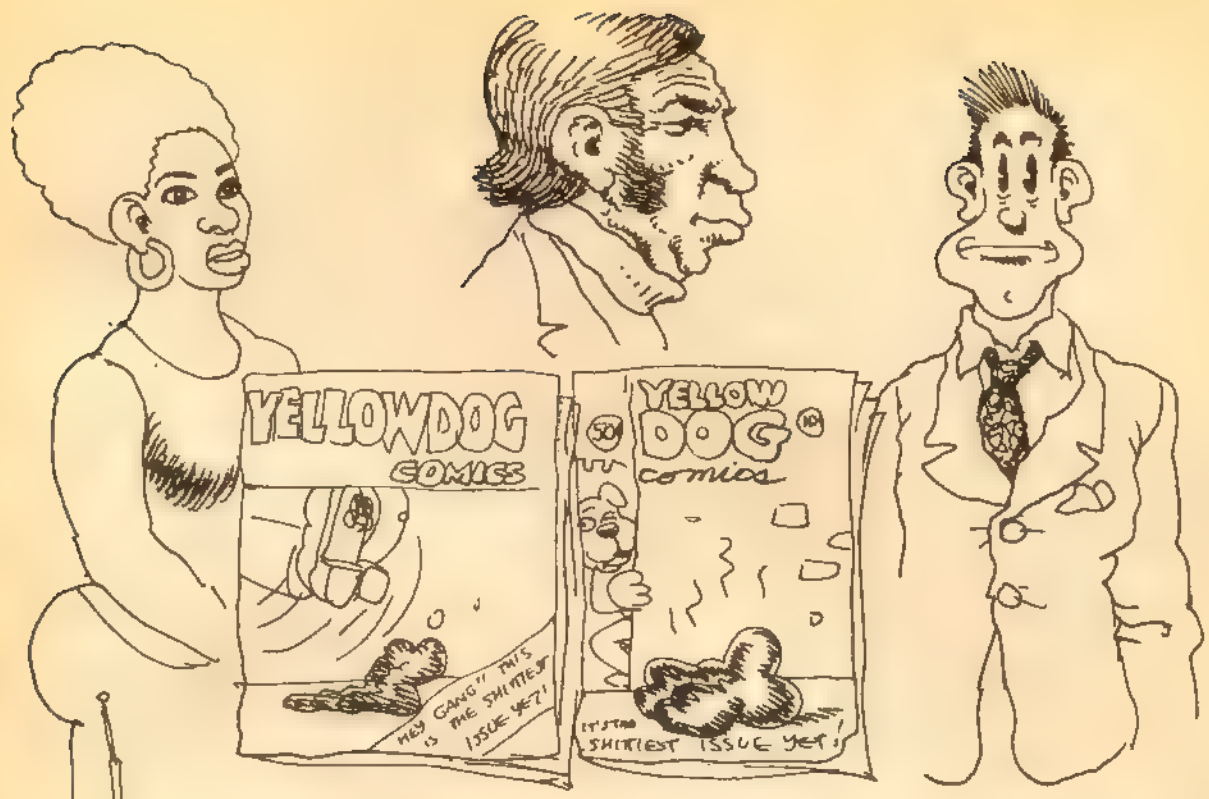


ARE YOU
ALRIGHT
DEAR?



I--

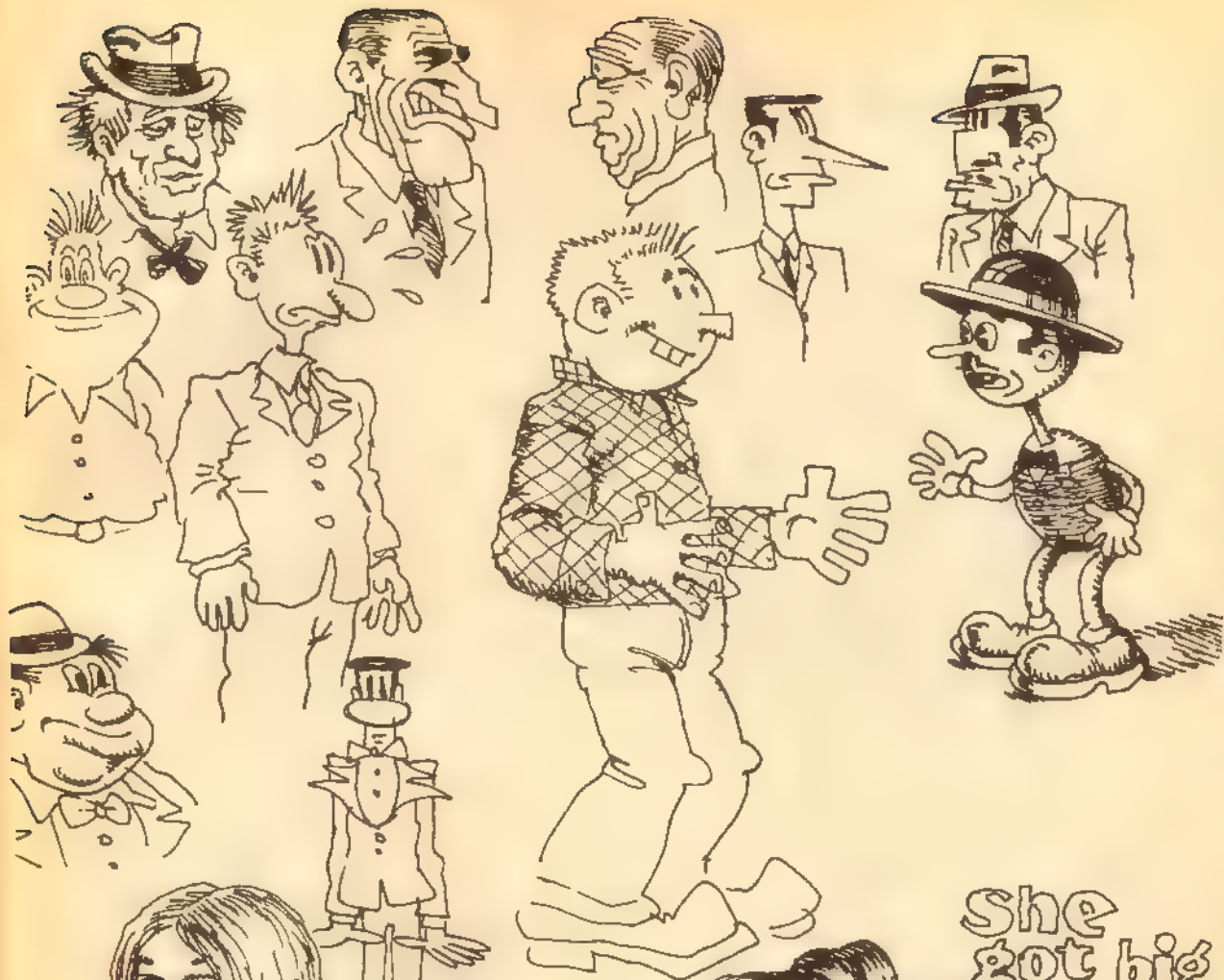




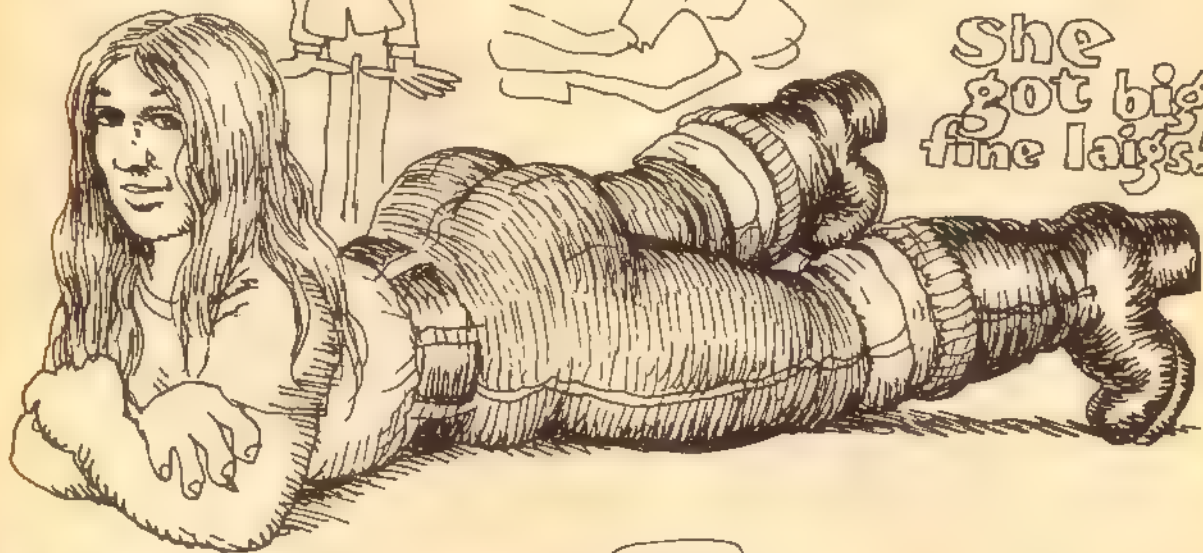


R. Crumb
HIS OWN
NATURAL
LOVABLE
(HATEFUL)
SELF

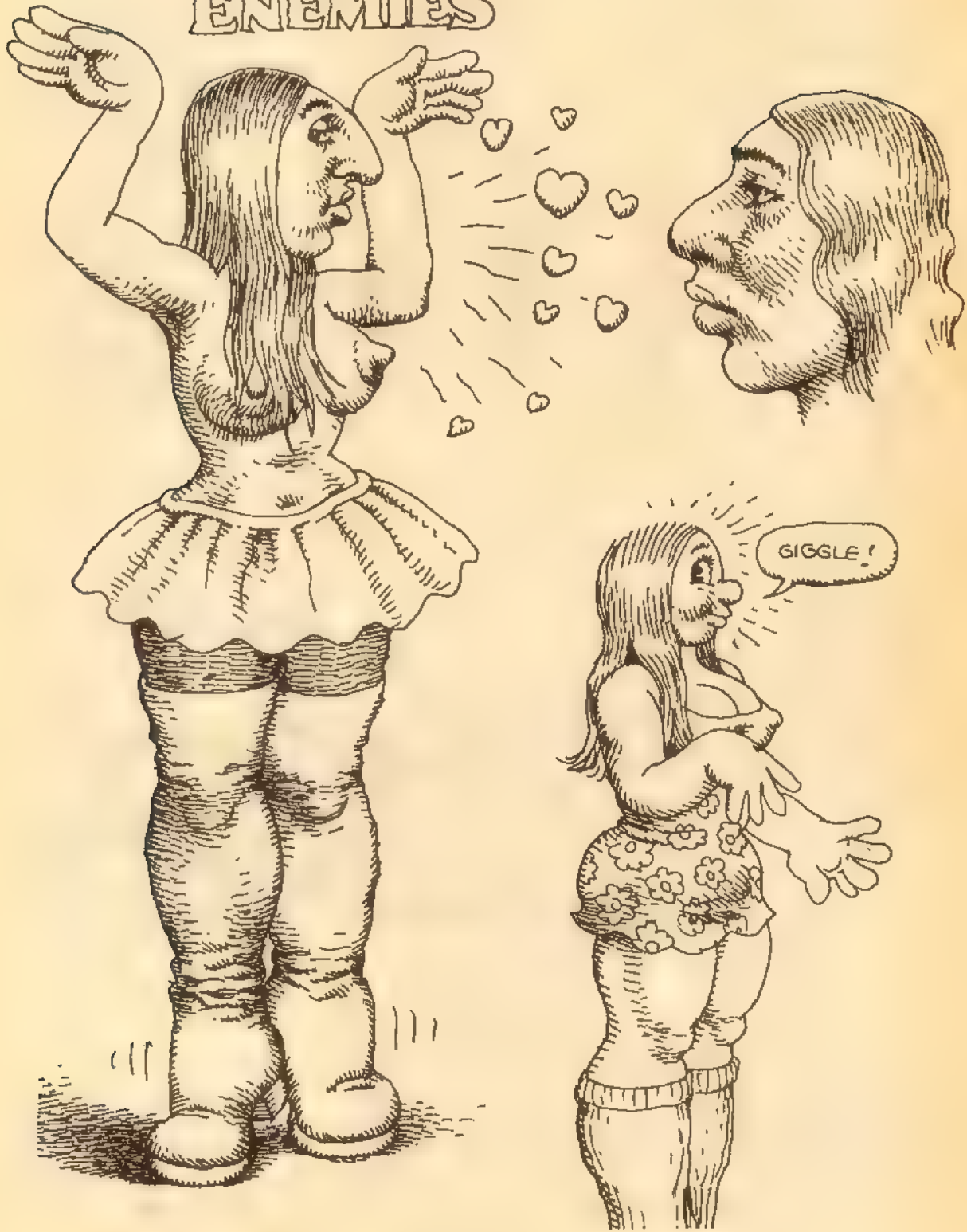




She
got big
fine lays!



DEATH to my ENEMIES





Big Legs



THE ARTIST
and his **MUSE**...

DON'T MOVE,
LADY!! THIS WON'T
TAKE LONG!!

SKRITCH
SKRATCH

MAKE ME
LOOK
SULTRY...



Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Artistic Comics

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\$1.00

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Stories:

2 - About The Artist

3 - The Dismal World of R. Crumb

Artists:

Robert Crumb 1-88